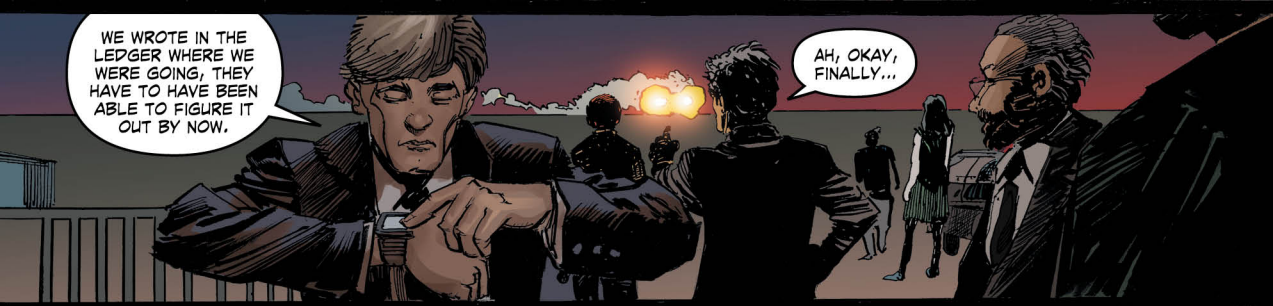




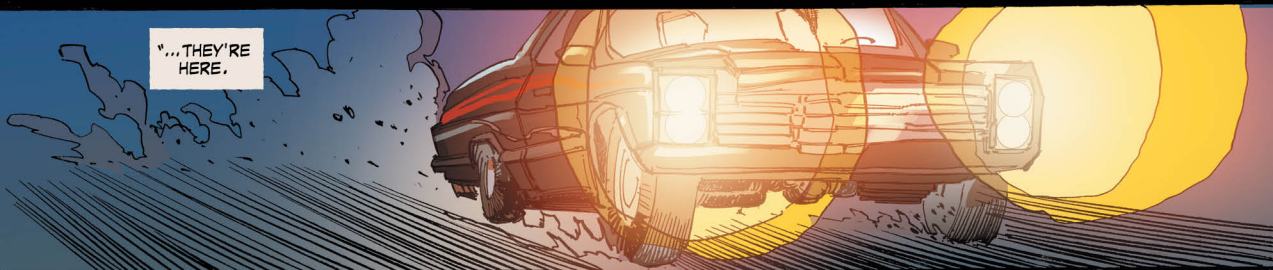
THE WORST PLACE
IN AMERICA.

WELL, THIS
IS BORING.



WE WROTE IN THE
LEDGER WHERE WE
WERE GOING, THEY
HAVE TO HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO FIGURE IT
OUT BY NOW.

AH, OKAY,
FINALLY...

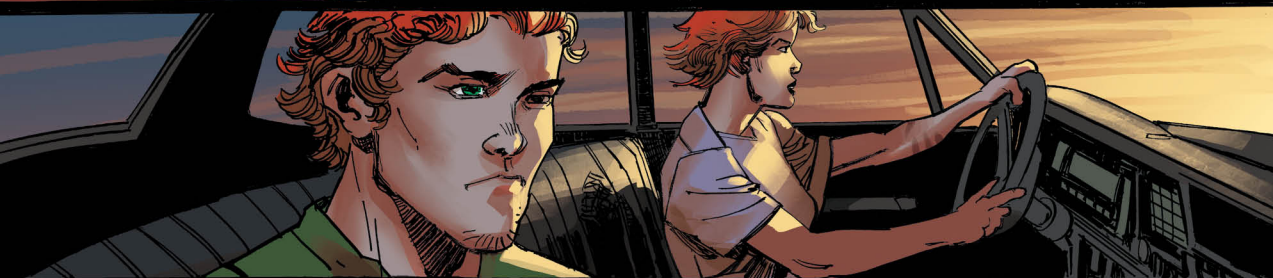


"...THEY'RE
HERE.

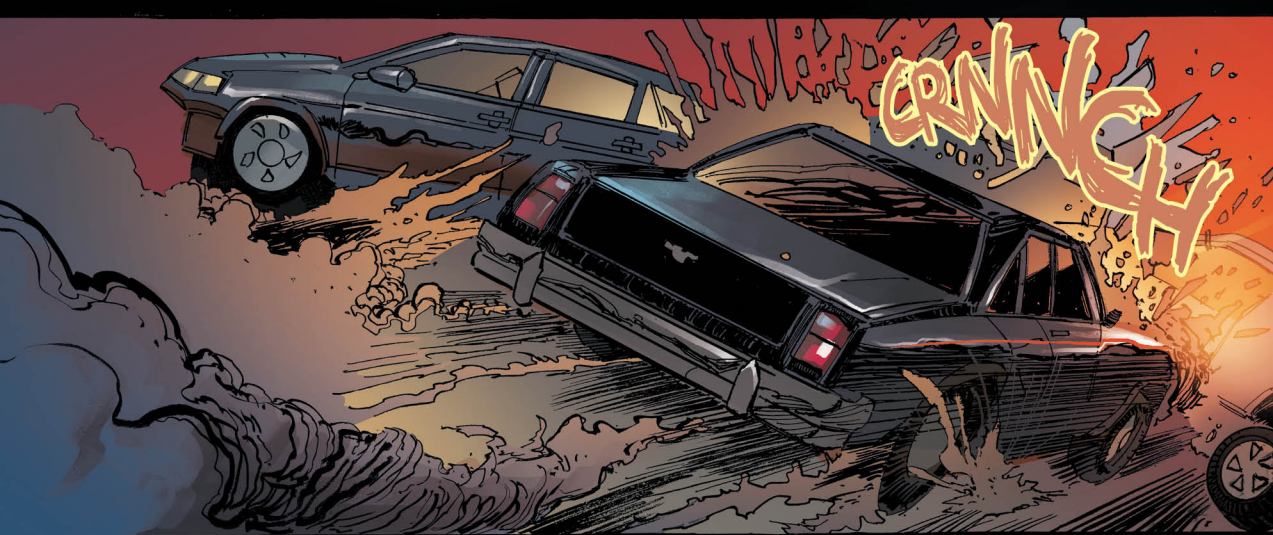
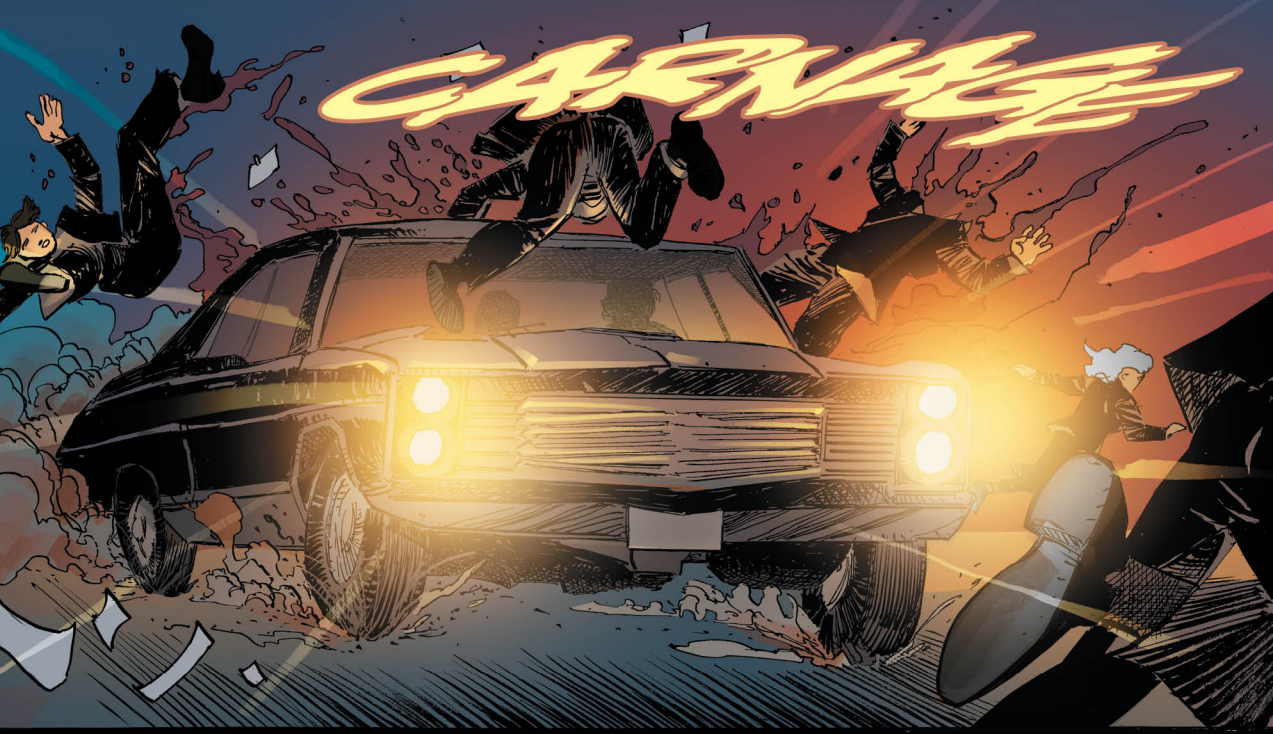


FINALLY. I WAS
GETTING TIRED OF TALKING
TO MYSELF.

YOU
KNOW...



...I REALLY
DON'T THINK THEY'RE
GOING TO--



I THOUGHT WE
WEREN'T KILLING
PEOPLE, ANNIE.

WELL, FIRST, I'M NOT AT ALL SURE THAT
WHATEVER THE HELL **THE SALESMAN** IS
COUNTS AS **PEOPLE**, AND SECOND, AS
LONG AS WE LEAVE ONE BODY
KICKING, HE **ISN'T DEAD**.

SHOOT, I THINK
THIS THING IS BUSTED.
OR IT'S REFUSING TO
BE USED TO KILL ITS
OWNER.



I GUESS
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO DO THIS THE
OLD-FASHIONED
WAY.



YES.
LET'S.

YOU KNOW I WAS
WORRIED THAT YOU WOULDN'T
ACTUALLY SHOW UP.

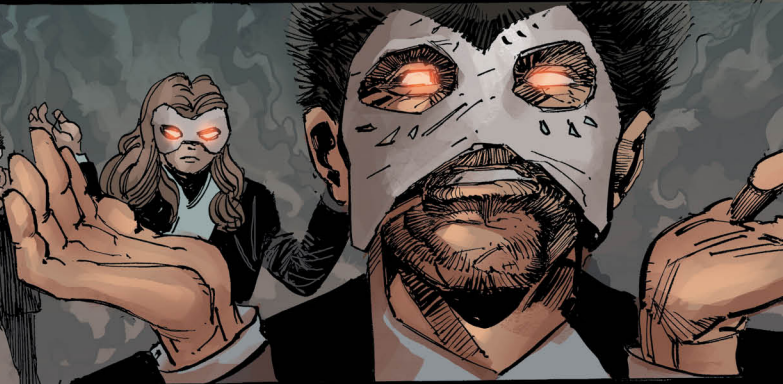


WHAT I AM WONDERING,
JOE, ASIDE FROM WHICH ONE
TO SHOOT FIRST IS...

...WHY AREN'T
THEY RUNNING?
OR FIGHTING?



YES, WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY BE THE
REASON?



AH,
@##\$%.

ANNIE...

